

A
P O E M

on the *Corronation* of

JAMES II.

of *England, Scotland, France, and Ire-*
land, King, Defender of the Faith.



L O N D O N;

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The Epistle

DEDICATORY

To the Right Honourable Francis Lord North, Baron of Guilford, Lord Keeper of the great Seal of England, and one of his Majesties Most Honourable Privy Council.

May it please your Honour

I Am no Relative to those who court universal Favours and a flying Fame, with Ostentation of their own Abilities (though I now appear on a publick Stage) I dare not presume to contend with any, but content my self in my own *Sphær*, with my own Language and my own Method, lest I should seem to aspire higher than I can pretend, or falling too low be loaded with arising

A 2

Wav

Dedicatory.

Wave, and my aspiring Phantasie bury'd in a watery Grave. My *Ambition* is only to tell the World that I will tread in the Foot-steps of my former *Loyal Ancestors* ; (some whereof have ventured both Lives and Fortunes in the late Rebellion) and that I as well as they, have the same abhorrency of Rebels against my Prince. I am now under the severe Censure of the Impartial *Critick*, yet I will not distrust the over-ruling Providence of Heaven, but that some will excuse me in what I have done ; and gather Fire from my Coal, to kindle the Noble Flames of Love for *Loyalty* and *Religion*. For as it was with the *Psalmist* so it is with me, to abstain from *Good Words* is Pain and Grief ; but if the excellency of all Presents should always equal the grandeur

The Epistle

deur of those to whom they come, I might justly shame or blush at my bold Oblation.

But being *I* am not unacquainted with some part of your Virtues whereby *I* am able to give the **W**orld a tast more easie to be had in admiration than imitation, *I* presume upon your *Lordship's* Goodness. Your Religion and Loyalty, your Prudence and Learning, and whatsoever else is Praise Worthy, hath render'd you Eminent in one of the Noblest Employes of State wherein you Act with a General applause of the whole Realm. But that which gives a Frangency to all your *Bed of Flowers*, is that humility, which like the *Violet* (though the lowest yet is the sweetest.) This makes me prostrate my forlorne Papers at your *Lordships Feet*, beseeching

Dedicatory.

ing your Goodness to condescend to the
acceptance of these poor expressions of
my respects, and to give them your
Patronage and Protection, which will
shield them from all Enemies, and that
your happiness may extend above the
reach of all, that you either can desire
or deserve, is the hearty Prayer of

Your Lordship's most Faithful

and most Obedient Servant,

Stephen Willoughby.



A

P O E M.

on the CORONATION of

JAMES II.

Of *England, Scotland, France, and Ireland*, King, *Defender of the Faith. &c.*

A *lbion* ; unveil thy mourning Shades be dress'd,
 With *Lawrel*, *Charles* thy *Atlas* is at rest,
 And *James* the Just thy *Hercules* is blest'd

With Regal State, now may his Glories run

A Match with the breath'd Courses of the Sun.

Weigh Mirth with Mourning nothing can destroy

Providence repels Ruin from our *Troy*,

Bring's Peace, and makes us Citizens of Joy.

The

The blisful Powers of Heaven, design'd
 To call the best of Kings, and leave behind,
 His Princely Brother in our wavering Isle,
 To give us equal cause to weep and smile :
 Ohappy Man ! That hath some Grief allow'd,
 Lest too much Joy should make thy *Brittain* proud.
 Mortal breaches immortal powers repair,
Elijah left *Elisbah* in the Chair-

Death ! Where's thy sting, in thy Nocturnal Womb ?
 No ; The Royal Trophies thou hast made a Tomb :
 Tho' the cold Icy Hands, the Throne or'e-spread ;
 Wounded the Realm, and touch'd our Monarchs Head, }
 Yet not our Peace the Darling of the Dead.
 Tho deeps the Gash, behold, here's *Gilead's* Balm,
 Is there a Boist'rous Storm a timely Calm ?
 Thus Grief and Gladness two extrems appear,
 The first weighs down, the last supports me here.
 Revoke thy sighs the shaken *Masbes* cry ;
Scepters and *Crowns* must fall, and *Monarchs* dye ;
 They dye to live, and live to rise on high,
 As Godlike *David*, but *Solomon* is nigh. }
 Let sparkling *Diadems* the Worlds Renown,
 Surround this living Ofspring of a Crown
 Rid on Triumphant Heavens rein spire
 The Orbs with language like the *Orphean* Lyre :

To

To tell the gazing World o're-whelm'd with Care,
 That *April's* Blossoms Spring in gentle Air ;
 And Flow'rs shoot forth 'gainst new Solemnities
 To deck the Windows of our Paradise.

The Blissful Quire Ecchoing such Joys aloud,
 Ravish'd my Soul, that I amongst the Croud,
 Crept in, to view the Solemn Pomp, and see
 Our Monarch shining like some Deity.

Gazing about, behold the Noble Train
 Bless me ! fresh Glorys turn'd my wand'ring Brain
 My thoughts, I Slep'd or dy'd and rose again
 So deck'd with Splendours was the Ladys all
 That the Earths Glory seem'd Angelical
 Of Royallty so darting was the Ray
 That pierc'd my soul with joy as well as they
 It Emblemed the Resurrection day.

These things surpriz'd my dazl'd Senses, I
 Transported was beyond the starry skie
 In Enoch's Chariot to Eternity
 But being loaded with this sinful dust
 Ah la s; I could not wing it with the just
 Nor raise my Notes to reach the lofty string
 That warbl'd Anthem'd Requiems to the King
 I loos'd the Reins and left the Pompous Throne
 Return'd with gladness and sanck gently down

B

To

To find new Royalty adorne our Sphær
 With Heavenly joys, that by a Metaphor are here.
 Then what are they that would have veil'd these days,
 And hurl'd Confusion on great James's Rays?
 Aim'd at the Throne, yet in infernum slipt,
 They could not soar so high their Wings were clipt:
 Their Clamours could not Monarchy destroy,
 Only obstruct an universal Joy:
 Miscreants, our Seraphims immortal Eyes,
 Shines through the Royal Charriot of the Skies;
 To view the Loyal Actions of the Best,
 By that the angry Heav'n will know the rest,
 Seperates their call'd; because they will draw back
 From God, till Hell burst or the Gibbet Crack.
 Sometimes like Judas, they'll appear to be
 True Protestants to James and Monarchy.
 Pay Homage to the Royal Heir alone,
 Leave him with Swords and Staves a deadly Groan,
 Demolish'd Scepter and a ruin'd Throne,
 But Monsters; why so cruel to defeat,
 Majesty so legitimately great.
 Their tott'ring Noddles are stifled with fears,
 Anxieties and doubts their blear-ey'd with Tears,
 Trumpets and Drums stikes terrours in their Ears

Left piercing crys of Blood should seem to rend
 The Skies for Judgment on his Fathers End :
 Whose Princely Head mourn'd under the black Yoak
 And strangely strangled with a fatal Stroke.

Oh tell it not in *Gath*, nor let it come
 Into the publick Streets of *Askelon*.

Direful ! let not the Sober *Heathen* see,
 Pagans will blush at such Impiety.

If Nature mean to cleanse her Magazin
 From all Sedition she must first begin

To root out Errour that unseen let in
 Rebellion ; that same Leprosie of Sin,

Faction Transport, or let the hung'ry Wave,
 swallow Rebels in one discenting Grave.

What if the Conqu'ring Sword or *Nero's* Rod,
 Should stain the Corners of the Land with Blood
 They'r just Scourges of a displeased God.

In *Rome* Belov'd *Berenice* must not Reign
 While Roman Hatred, Envy and disdain,
 The Royal *Titus*, and his Honour stain :

For he befor he Reign'd with *Luxury*,
 Was charg'd with *Auvarice* and *Cruelty*,
 The Senate fear'd a *Nero's* *Tyranny*.

B 2

But

But his sweet Prudent Government of things,
 Wip'd off Aspersions, he the best of Kings
 A Mirrour of Monarchs through *Rome* was wrote,
 Mankinds Delight's an Eidemick Vote.
Jerusalem's Conquest spread abroad his Fame
 Tho' the besieged wallow'd in a Flame, }
 His pitty Marb'd an Eternal Name :
 Whose tender Eyes water'd his Cheeks with Dewe,
 To see the burnings of the stubborn Jews.
 'Tis true we've no *Jerusalem* but a Rout,
 Of Hea't'ring Jews like *Pharisees* about
 That would asperse sincerity of State
 With Subtil Calumny that came too late :
 But sure we are, his lofty mind is free }
 From the least Charge of hated Cruelty
 And we'll depend upon his Clemency.
 A Temple to this *Hero* let our Land
 Each City be an *Altar* at command,
 And ev'ry Man a Statue to set forth
 His Noble Acts and truly Royal Worth.
 As Majesty sits in his sacred Face }
 So mercy the Derivative of his Race,
 Is no less splendent in his Acts of Grace :

Gaze

Gaze on his brave Atchievements they'l command,
 Active Obedience from a sinful Land;
 Once from Invasion's ransom'd with his hand.
 They were no Grapples of a Cyclop's Arms,
 No nor deluding Syren's canting Charms
 That could surprize the Famous Gracian; he
 Pass'd by *Charibdis* and *Mortality*:
 Unmask the Tragick Scene that once o're spread
 Our Brittish Vallies wit h a Forreign dread
 Of horrid Ruine Epidemical,
 Had not our Famous *James* high Admiral,
 With Courage tramp'd on the Deep and stood
 A Valient Victor in a Sea of blood.
 Furnish'd with Wisdom as a Warriour ought
 To be, he Steers his Course for Triumph, Fought
 To defend's Right, and shield his Brother's Crown
 From Invaders, now th' *Martial Camp's* his own.
 Thus *Agamemnon* Stout, (as Poets feign,)
 If ten (like *Nestor*) *Counsellours* remain
 With *Conquest* would have breath'd a *Trojan* vein.
 And the World's *Conqu'ror* would enrich his Head.
 With the surviving Libraries of the Dead.
 To show that Policy the Learned Pen
 Marbles above the common force of Men.

Champions

Champion, thrice welcome let thy fragrant breath,
 Inspire Dominions with a Second Birth
 Of Gladness, thou'rt the *Cherub* of the Earth.

Only with Virtues seed *Agrippa's* breath
 Could make *Octavian's* body blessed Earth:

In vain's th' Attempt whilst Heaven's Golden Show'rs
 Of Grace Blossoms the sacred Plant with Flow'rs ;
 The Fruit's for none but Immortal Pow'rs.

Tis no such Fruit as sow'r'd our Fathers Age,
 Else why with Swords should *Seraphims* Engage,
 To Guard our *Sion* from usurping Rage.

VIVAT REX.

FINIS

Enter'd according to Order.
